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Poetry.

THE NEW TRENT.

BY KELEN.

A gift from the mighty,
A gift to the free,
Then give it swift passage
O'er land and o'er sea,
And seal it most surely,
Conform it to-day,
And daily fulfill it,
In silent array.

A casket of rosewood,
The treasure shall keep,
And sweet winds waft softly,
The ship o'er the deep,
No charm of the Druid,
No relic of the past,
Can calm like this casket,
The ocean's unrest.

A boon from the leader,
Columbia's Chief,
Called forth in the hour
Of peril and grief,
He turns 'mid the battle,
With hand true and strong,
A pen stroke has ended
A century's wrong.

A boon that a monarch
May royal take,
And tender back thanks,
For Africa's sake,
And England's sweet lady
Shall smile through her tears,
To see thus accomplished
The hope of years.

Swift flying on the blue sea,
Close riding in creek,
All vainly the slave ship
Her safety shall seek,
The foremost of nations,
The mightiest of the free,
Have sworn by their honor
This curse shall not be.

Like Sisters of mercy,
Like saints of the land,
The proud banners sweep on
Round Africa's strand,
The red cross of England
Has hallowed her light,
The Stars of Columbia
Glean down through her night.

They speak of their victories,
They read back the scroll,
The names of their battles
In history enroll;
The history of heaven
This deed shall record,
The thanks of the helpless
This deed shall reward.

When passion nerves the warrior's arm
For deeds of hate and wrong,
Though heeded not the fearful sound,
The knell is deep and strong.

When eyes to eyes are gazing soft,
And tender words are spoken,
Then fast and wild it rattles on,
As if with love 'twere broken.

Such is the clock that measures life,
Of flesh and spirit blended,
And thus 'twill run within the breast,
Till that strange life is ended.

Useful Hints.

TO WASH CHINA CUPPERS, &c.—If the
fabric be good, these articles of dress can be
frequently washed as may be required, and no
diminution of their beauty will be discernible,
even when the various shades of green have
been employed among other colors in their
patterns. In cleaning them make a strong lather
of boiling water; suffer it to cool; when cold,
or nearly so, wash the scarf quickly and thoroughly,
dip it immediately in cold hard water in which
a little salt has been thrown to preserve the colors,
rinse, squeeze, and hang it out to dry in the open
air; pin it at its extreme edge to the line, so that
it may not in any part be folded together; the
more rapidly it dries the clearer it will be.

THE TURKISH MODE OF MAKING COFFEE.—
The Turkish way of making coffee produces a
very different result from that to which we are
accustomed. A small conical saucup, with a
long handle, and calculated to hold about two
tablespoonsful of water, is the instrument used.
The fresh roasted berry is pounded, not ground,
and about a dessert-spoonful is put into the mi-
nute boiler; it is then nearly filled with water,
and thrust among the coals. A few seconds
suffice to make it boil, and the decoction, green
and all, is poured out into a small cup, which fits
into a brass socket, much like the cup of an acorn,
and holding the china cup as that does the acorn
itself. The Turks seem to drink this decoction
boiling, and swallow the grounds with the liquid.
We allow it to remain a minute, in order to leave
the sediment at the bottom. It is always taken
plain; sugar or cream would be thought to spoil
it; and Europeans, after a little practice, (longer,
however, than we had,) are said to prefer it to the
clear infusion drunk in France.

INDIAN STRUT.—A delicious summer drink.—
Five pounds of lump sugar, two ounces of citric
acid, a gallon of boiling water; when cold add
a half-drachm of essence of lemon, and half a drachm
of spirits of wine, stir it well and bottle it. About
two tablespoonfuls to a glass of cold water.

CHILDREN AND CUTLERY.—Serious accidents
have occurred to babies, through their catching
hold of the blades of sharp instruments, the fol-
lowing hint will be useful. If a child lays hold
of a knife or razor, do not try to pull it away, or
to force open the hand. But holding the child's
hand that is empty, offer to it the other hand, any-
thing nice or pretty, and it will immediately open
the hand, and let the dangerous instrument fall.

COFFEE MILK.—For the sick room.—Boil a des-
sert-spoonful of ground coffee, in nearly a pint of
milk, a quarter of an hour, then put into it
shaving or two of singlas, and clear it; let it
boil a few minutes and set it by the side of the
fire to clarify. This is a very fine breakfast; but
it should be sweetened with sugar of a good
quality.

SUBMERGERS.—In a domestic state these little an-
imals are fed with hazel nuts, or indeed any kind
of nuts; and occasionally bread and milk. They
should be kept very clean.

ANNUAL MEETING of the Alumni Association of the New England Yearly Meeting Boarding School.

The Fourth Annual Meeting of this As-
sociation convened agreeable to adjourn-
ment at Aquidneck Hall, in this city, Mon-
day afternoon at 2 o'clock, the President,
Moses A. Cartland, in the chair.

The Executive Committee and the Treas-
urer severally presented their annual re-
ports.

The following were appointed a commit-
tee on nominations:

Jonathan L. Slocum, Timothy K. Earle,
A. K. Sumner, Benj. Buffum, W. S. Haines,
Samuel B. Haines.

They reported the following list of offi-
cers, who were elected:

President—Moses A. Cartland, Lee, N. H.
Vice Presidents at Large—Samuel Boyd Tobey,
M. D., Providence, R. I.; John Stanton Gould,
Hudson, N. Y.; Jonathan L. Slocum, Provi-
dence, R. I.; Alden Sampson, Manchester, Maine;
Charles R. Tucker, New Bedford, Mass.; Sam-
uel J. Gummer, Haverford, Penn.; Wm. Boyce,
Lynn, Mass.; Oliver K. Earle, Worcester, Mass.;
Wm. H. Gray, Ware, N. H.; John Wm. Mason,
New York, N. Y.; Benjamin Barker, Olean, N. Y.;
Charles O. Shove, Fall River, Mass.; Nathan
Southwick, New York, N. Y.; Thomas H. Church,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Recording Secretary—George L. Collins, M. D.,
Providence, R. I.

Corresponding Secretary—Daniel C. Baker, Lynn,
Mass.

Treasurer—Thomas E. Steere, Providence, R. I.
Committee—Samuel Austin, Joseph Cartland,
Albert K. Souley, A. M., Wm. T. Grinnell, Hen-
ry B. Metcalf, Benjamin Buffum, Providence, R. I.;
Charles F. Coffin, Lynn, Mass.; Edmund
Chase, Fall River, Mass.; Charles Taber, New
Bedford, Mass.; Edward Earle, Worcester, Mass.;
Finis Earle, M. D., Leicester, Mass.; Peter M.
Ned, Lynn, Mass.; Henry R. Pinkham, New-
buryport, R. I.

The Executive Committee presented the
name of William M. Rodman as Honorary
Member of the Association, and he was
elected.

Remarks were made by Jonathan L.
Slocum and Albert Souley in reference to
preserving the records of deceased mem-
bers. The subject was referred to the Ex-
ecutive Committee.

The memorial of Melville Aldrich, for-
mer teacher of the school, was read.

Adjourned until evening, at which time
a public meeting was held in the same
place. The hall was crowded. The or-
ator and poet both discharged their duties
in so acceptable a manner, and the literary
feast was so excellent, that the anniversary
was admitted by all parties to have been
one of the most successful that have yet
been held.

The following oration was delivered by
JOHN STANTON GOULD, of Hudson, New
York, his subject being

The Quaker Idea of Education.

The alumni of Providence School are
once more gathered in convention; they
come from far and near. The old and the
young; the maiden and the matron; the
active man of business and the retired man
of leisure; have left their avocations and
their homes with joy in their hearts and
friendly greetings on their tongues, to
brighten the chain of ancient friendships,
and talk together once more of the good
old times when under the guidance of hon-
ored and beloved instructors they pre-
pared themselves to take their part in the
great battle of life.

In doing thus they obey a natural
and a holy impulse of the heart, which in
every age has drawn men back to the scenes
and the sites which the spring time of existence
has consecrated in their hearts.

Honest Isaac Walton tells us in his life
of Sir Henry Laoken, that when that emi-
nent ambassador returned from Venice in
the evening of his days he felt a longing
desire to revisit Winchester College where
he had been educated in his youth, after
which he thus wrote to a friend:

"How useful was that advice of a holy
monk who persuaded his friend to perform
his customary devotions in a constant place,
because, in that place we usually meet
with those very thoughts which possessed
us at our last being there! And I find
this experimentally true, that at my now
being at that school, and seeing the very
places where I sat when I was a boy, oc-
casioned me to remember those very
thoughts of my youth which there pos-
sessed me; sweet thoughts indeed! that
promised my growing years numerous
pleasures without mixture of cares; and
those to be enjoyed, when time, which I
therefore thought slow paced, has changed
my youth into manhood!"

Like Sir Henry, we too, 'think the same
thoughts' when we come back to the old
haunts. The dew of our youth refreshes
us as of old; again, our eyes are illumined
with the many hued clouds of hope and
of ambition which glowed with almost apo-
calypitic splendor in the morning of our
lives. Once more the wonderful alchemy
of youth transmutes ashes into beauty,
coarse rocks into diamonds, and glorifies
with prescient loveliness the coarsest and
meanest incidents of our every day life.

Imagination blends with memory and
out of crumbled mathematic symbols there
emerges a maidens face, glowing with
beauty and radiant with grace, which ban-
ishes all thoughts of equations, series and
surd, but works strange witchery with
our hearts.

Once more we read 'Arma virumque
cano' as in ancient days, but heedless of
the Latin words, we listen to an accompa-
niment which runs along with them like
an undertone, suggesting visions of future
glory, when we too, like Enneas shall be
the chosen themes of the historian's eulogy
and the poet's song.

How vividly we recall the old morning
grammar school where, hungry and drowsy,
we warily construed the matchless poems
of Milton or of Young; some glorious strain
thrilled through our souls, then the curtain
which veils the future is drawn aside and
we proudly take our place among

"The grand old masters and the bards sublime,
Whose distant footsteps echo through the con-
siders of time."

We take our places in the Geography
class and the mantes of Marco Polo, Bus-
bequins and Mungo Park, fall upon our
shoulders; giving the reins to Fancy, we
linguish with them in the desert, or re-
joice with them in the oasis; we revel amid
scenes of barbaric splendor or gaze in wrapt
adoration upon the chaste contours of the
Parthenon or the Coliseum.

We re-open our old text books upon as-
tronomy, and as the glory and the beauty,
the order and the symmetry of the starry
sphere reveals itself to us; the early thrill-
ing of our souls comes back in all its pri-
mal freshness, finding its fittest expres-
sion in the language of the Psalmist, "When I
consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
the moon and the stars which thou hast
ordained, what is man that thou art men-
dful of him and the son of man that thou
visitest him?"

We turn over the pages of our Botany,
and fancy paints the living carpet of grass
in all its emerald beauty; the umbrageous
forest rears its gothic arches over our
heads, birds pour forth their full tide of
song from the branches, the wild flowers
develop their gorgeous petals and exhale
their delicious perfumes upon every side.

We read our well thumbed histories,
and the old atlantes once more expands our
horizons. Like Cicero, listening Senators
shall hang with rapture on our tongues—
"Like Aristides the just shall reverence our
oracles; like Augustus we will become the
father of a golden age."

These thoughts, and such as these come
trooping through our minds as we press
the friends and coming home our voices with
the friends of our earlier years, long sun-
dered it may be, but never forgotten, they
thrill us as in former days.

"When the young blood ran riot in our veins
And boyhood made us sanguine."

Nor do we check the gladness of our
souls, by the memories of broken hopes
and blighted prospects, we do not vex our-
selves by tracing the disparity between
the prophecies and visions of our youth
and the fulfillment of our riper years; but
in memories of 'aud lang syne' we cast
off the corroding cares of life, and live over
again the bright unclouded morning of our
day.

With all these glad memories there
mingles another thought like a fundamen-
tal note in a harmony; it is a tender feel-
ing of love and gratitude to our Alma Ma-
ter; we feel that it has been good for us
that we once nestled lovingly in her bosom.
That the sweetest effluence and the richest
fruitage of our lives have had their origin
in germs which she has implanted within
us. Dear old mother! when we forget thee,
May our right hands forget their
reunion and our tongues cleave to the
roofs of our mouths!"

Feeling thus it will accord with the pre-
valing tone of our thoughts to spend a few
moments this evening in considering the
sources from whence she sprang, and the
foundation upon which she has been laid.

The Institution at Providence was found-
ed by men whose hearts and minds had
been thoroughly imbued with those prin-
ciples of Christianity which had been re-de-
veloped after the long night of medieval
apostasy by Fox and illustrated and ex-
pounded by Barclay and Penn.

It was their darling object to give a con-
crete expression of the ideal of true Chris-
tian education which had long dwelt as an
abstract thought in their minds. Its true
theory must therefore be sought in the fun-
damental principles of Christianity as pro-
fessed by Quakers, in the lives and char-
acters of its immediate founders, and in
the special circumstances by which they
were surrounded.

I do not forget that many of the alumni
were never embraced in the Quaker fold,
nor that many have abandoned it to seek
their spiritual sustenance in other com-
munities, but even these will pardon a pass-
ing allusion to religious doctrines which do
not commend themselves to their judg-
ments for the beloved Institution which
sprang from them. While those who still
live in its green pastures and drink beside
its still waters, will go back with gladness
to the early fountains of their faith, and
mingle in fellowship with those sons of
the morning from whom they have received
an inheritance which they feel to be un-
speakably precious.

Returning to the first establishment of
Protestantism, we observe that when Hen-
ry VIII. and Elizabeth founded the in-
stitution known as the Church of England,
they were actuated by political, rather
than by religious motives, their object was
to mould the religious element of the na-
tion into a form which should at once ap-
pear the power and the lustre of the crown.
The pompous ceremonial and the doctrines
of the Catholic Church which effectually
cut off the right of private judgement, were
well suited to their purpose, except that
the doctrine of the supremacy of the Pope
offered barriers to their aspirations which
were found to be very inconvenient.

Their attempts at reformation were
therefore limited to the substitution of the
King for the Pope as the sole earthly chan-
nel through which the grace and mercy of
God could flow to individual believers.

Too many of the principal clergy of the
realm had been imbued with the living
principles of the gospel to permit the pos-
sibility of such an establishment, they
strenuously urged a larger infusion of
the principles of the reformation and a distinct
recognition of the headship of Christ in
his Church. A long and arduous contest
followed the result of which is thus con-
cisely stated by Lord Macaulay. "But as
the government needed the support of the
Protestants, so the Protestants needed the
protection of the government, much was
therefore given up on both sides, a union
was effected, and the fruit of that union
was the Church of England."

The Church of Queen Elizabeth thus
became an unnatural hybrid between Popery
and Protestantism; it was a yoking
together of the ox and the ass—a com-
mingling of lines with woollen in the gar-
ment—a sowing the field with divers kinds
of seeds, against which Moses, under the
immediate inspection of the Almighty, had
so strongly testified.

It met the spiritual wants of no single
phase of religious experience. Clearly
teaching the evangelical doctrine of justi-
fication by faith in its Articles, it incul-
cated with equal clearness the heathenish
doctrine of baptismal regeneration in its
forms of prayer; no school of belief was
satisfied with it, or regarded it as a faith-
ful expression of the Will of God.

Hence, when those faithful pastors who
had been baptized in the fires of persecu-
tion and of suffering, had passed away, the
life of religion rapidly decayed throughout
the nation. The church was more and more
regarded as a temporal institution—a
useful and convenient appendage to the
State.

Ceasing to labor for the upbuilding of
the Redeemer's Kingdom, the great pow-
ers were used for the repression of evan-
gelical piety; the court of high Commis-
sion, which was its highest tribunal, be-
came the most tremendous engine of ty-
ranny in the possession of the crown.

Its ministry was assumed by men who
gladly grasped its emoluments, but wholly
ignored its duties and its responsibilities;
the clergy led scandalous lives, and were
notorious for drunkenness, debauchery,
gambling, and almost every other species
of iniquity. The people seemed to follow
the Priests in the downward road, the fire
on the family altar was extinguished, and
it seemed that absolute heathenism was
fast setting down on the once pious realm
of England.

But notwithstanding this general ap-
pearance of death in the land, the spirit of
him who has promised never to leave him-
self without a witness, was secretly brood-
ing over many hearts, preparing them in
his own good time to appear as burning
and shining lights in his church and in the
world.

Foremost amongst those whom he was
thus preparing, was George Fox, who was
born at Drayton in the Clay, in Leicestershire,
in the year 1624.

He passed a boyhood of unusual inno-
cence under the care of his parents, who
appear to have been simple and pious peo-
ple. He was subsequently apprenticed to
a shoemaker, who was also a keeper of
sheep, to which latter branch of his busi-
ness young George particularly directed his
attention.

Engaged in this patriarchal employment,
brought into communion with nature on
the hill-side and the plain, in the valley
and by the rivulet, he was led to look up-
wards to the God who made them all.

Unutterable longings were now awak-
ened in his soul. He beheld "the cattle
on a thousand hills" perfectly
adapted to minister by their labor to man's
comfort, and by their flesh to his suste-
nance. He saw that God had clothed the
cloud with beauty; that he had filled the
air with warblers whose songs were sweet;
that the earth was stored with crystals of
exquisite finish, and with metals adapted
to every conceivable purpose. All things
attested that the Creator had designed
these wondrous exhibitions for the comfort
and the happiness of man.

Deeply penetrated with these evidences
of a Father's love, he wondered that his
benevolence was restricted to purely mat-
erial provision for man's enjoyment. Why,
he asked, has he not given us the inesti-
mable treasure of himself? Why does he
isolate himself from us? Why do we not
hear his voice, and see his face, and bask
forever in the sunshine of his countenance?

As he resolved these questions in his
mind, the clouds began to gather around
his horizon, which grew thicker and dark-
er as time rolled on. The radiance of the
sun was dimmed, the lustre of the moon
grew pale, the song of the birds was
hushed, and the gambols of his lambs had
ceased. A horror of thick darkness brood-
ed over him like a funeral pall that almost
stopped the beating of his heart.

Out of that thick darkness came a secret
whisper to his soul which solved the prob-
lem that perplexed him like the knell of
doom. Its burden was "Your sins have
separated between you and your God."

He writhed now in all the horrors of a
guilty conscience; the innocence of his
former life afforded him no consolation
since he felt that the pollution of his na-
ture justly excluded him from that com-
munion with his maker which he so ear-
nestly longed for.

Henceforth he could not pursue those
ordinary employments which he had before
enjoyed so much, the earnest, constant cry
of his spirit was, "A savior or I die, a
Redeemer or I perish forever."

He naturally sought for help among the
Priests of the establishment in which he
had been educated, but they, of course,
proved to be physicians of no value. The
priest of his native village first flattered,
and then persecuted him. On applying to
another priest at Mansetter, he was dis-
missed with the advice "to take tobacco
and sing psalms." He told the story of
the youth's grief to the servants, so that
the "milk sasses" jeered at him as he
passed along. "It grieved me," says he,
"that I should open my mind to such an
one, I saw that they were all miserable
comforters, and this increased my troubles
upon me." After this, he resorted to
another celebrated Priest named Macham;
but this skillful casuist knew nothing bet-
ter to recommend than "to take physic and
lose some blood." "But," says he, "they
could not get one drop of blood from me,
either in arms or head, though they endeav-
ored it; my body being, as it were, dried
up with sorrows, griefs, and troubles, which
were so great upon me that I could have
wished that I had never been born."

Notwithstanding these disappointments,
he still continued to go from one priest to
another in search of relief from his spiri-
tual anguish, until he at length learned ex-
perimentally that the help of man was
vain.

Ceasing to attend upon public worship,
he spent his time in walking in the fields
with the Bible in his hands; but though he
became thoroughly familiar with the let-
ter of its contents, it remained a sealed
book to his understanding. His body was
emaciated by watching, by fasting, and by
sorrow; his bodily sensibilities were be-
numbed, so that he became almost uncon-
scious of the summer's heat and the win-
ter's cold. Sometimes he would spend

whole nights in the caverns of the rock, or
in the hollow tree, bemoaning his misery,
and those sins which separated between
him and his God.

At length, in the hour of his deepest dis-
tress, when he utterly despaired of finding
any one who could speak to his condition,
a voice out of the inner glory pierced thro'
the black cloud which encompassed him,
and whispered to his soul "There is one,
even Jesus Christ, who can speak to thy
condition." Then the thick cloud rolled
away, and the "Sun of righteousness arose
with healing on his wings." Then he
learned that the Father who formed the
outer world in such curious conformity to
the comfort and the needs of man, had not
thus limited his bounty, but was equally
able and willing to minister to his spiritual
enjoyment by the revelation of himself in
his children's hearts, and that this glorious
gift was only given through the interces-
sion of our great elder brother, who had
taken upon himself our nature, borne our
sins for us upon his cross, and is now as-
cended up into glory as our eternal ad-
vocate and redeemer.

From this period his religious knowledge
gradually increased, until he at length
shaped out a scheme of doctrine remark-
able for its simplicity, purity and coherence.

It is foreign to my purpose to review
this broad field. I shall, therefore, restrict
myself to an allusion to those parts of his
system which had an important bearing on
the educational views of the Society of
Friends.

Firstly.—He early perceived a new and
rich significance in those passages of scrip-
ture which represent Christ as a LIFE for
men.

John I, 4—"In him was Life and the Life
was light of men."

John III, 36—"He that believeth not the son
shall not see Life."

John V, 26—"For as the Father hath Life in
himself, so hath he given to the son to have Life
in himself."

John V, 40—"And ye will not come unto me
that ye might have Life."

John VI, 35—"Jesus saith unto them I am
the bread of Life, I am the resurrection and
the Life."

Col. III, 4—"When Christ who is our Life
shall appear."

John X, 10—"I am come that they might have
Life, and that they might have it more abundantly."

He did not, like many theologians, con-
sider these and other repeated assertions,
that Christ is the source of life to the soul
as vague orientalisms introduced as rhetori-
cal embellishments, but held them to be
plain statements of a fact, meaning pre-
cisely what they said. He knew that when
Adam had been formed from the plastic
clay of Eden, the eye, the ear, the tongue,
the heart, and every organ of the body
was as perfect as it was in the power of
Omnipotence to make it, yet it failed to
perform the simplest function of animal
existence. The meaneast worm that crawls
and digests, is more wondrous and more
elevated in the scale of being than this
mass of organs so curiously formed—
Something more was needed to endow it
with the dignity of vitality and conscious
existence. Then God breathed into the
mechanism the breath of Life and it moved
at once to the topmost pinnacle of crea-
tion. Then, and not till then, the eye
performed the function of vision, the ear
heard, the tongue tasted, the nerves con-
veyed sensations from the remote extremi-
ties to the brain, and reconverted impulses
of motion to the extremities. In a word,
each isolated organ entered into mutual
life relations with each other and with
the visible frame of the universe.

Together with the animal organization
of man which he enjoys in common with
inferior animals, he possesses another, less
conspicuous by the senses, but not less real,
which allies him with the angels in this
spiritual organization, the conscience, the
will, and the moral affections and emotions
have their seat. Without their appropri-
ate vitalization these are as useless for the
purposes of the spiritual economy, as are
the organs in a dead man for the purposes
of the animal economy. When the breath
of life was breathed into Adam, the physi-
cal and the psychical sections of his nature
alike were quickened into vitality. They
were in harmonious relations with the nat-
ural and spiritual worlds. Conscience was
an infallible monitor, the passions were
under perfect regulation, the affections
never led him aside from the path of perfect
rectitude, and more than all, man was in
perfect communion with his God.

When man rebelled against his Maker,
the penalty of death which had been de-
nounced against transgression, was enforced
against his psychical being. He was spiri-
tually dead. What Adam had thus lost
for himself, he became incapable of trans-
mitting to posterity, who therefore were
not possessed of a spiritual vitality.

As the body deprived of its physical vi-
tality becomes by virtue of chemical laws
corrupt and loathsome, so the spirit, de-
prived of psychical vitality, tends by an
analogous law to a corruption which, in its
internal working, we call original sin, and
in its external manifestations actual sin.

It would seem from these views that he
looked upon Adam's transgression, not as
a positive, but as a negative injury to us.
He did not actually transmit a corrupt
nature to us, but he failed to transmit that
spiritual life with which he has himself
been invested, and as a result of that fail-
ure came the corruptions of sin.

He taught that it was the real mission
of Christ to communicate anew that life
which was lost in Adam, not by the renew-
al of an independent life as it existed in
our prime ancestor, but mediately and
dependently through him as the branch
lives by abiding in the vine, receiving all
its strength and fruit-bearing power direct-
ly from it.

Secondly.—George Fox observed that
many of those passages of scripture which
revealed Christ as a Life for the World also
spoke of him as a LIGHT to enlighten man-
kind.

John I, 4—"In him was life and the life was
the light of men."

John I, 9—"That was the true light which
lighteth every man that cometh into the world."

Luke II, 32—"A light to enlighten the Gen-
tiles and the glory of my people Israel."

John VIII, 12—"I am the light of the world;
he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness,
but shall have the light of life."

John XII, 46—"I am come a light into the
world, that whosoever believeth in me should not
abide in darkness."

Fox interpreted these and similar pas-
sages as literally as he had those which
related to Christ as a Life, he did not
doubt that the soul which had been en-
graved into Christ and been permeated by
his life did really receive increased means
of spiritual vision by virtue of which facts
are manifested to its consciousness which
could not possibly have been discovered
while in a state of spiritual death. A be-
ing thus filled with divine life and light is
brought nearer the great first cause, he
surveys the phenomena of the spiritual
world from a more central stand point,
obtains a clearer insight into the facts them-
selves, and their mutual relations to each
other.

He expressly tells us that the result of
this influx of divine life and light upon his
own soul was to give him a clearer under-
standing of the nature and sequence of
things in the natural world. His words are
"The creation was opened to me; and it
was showed me, how all things had their
names given them according to their nat-
ure and virtue. I was at a stand in my
mind whether I should practice physic for
the good of mankind, seeing the nature
and virtues of the creatures were so opened
to me by the Lord."

He accounts without hesitation for the
ill success of Priests, Lawyers and Physi-
cians in their respective callings, by their
non-participation in this LIFE and LIGHT.
These are his words, "He" the Lord
"showed me that the Physicians were out
of the wisdom of God, by which the crea-
tures were made, and knew not the virtues
of the creatures because they were out of
the word of wisdom, by which they were
made. He showed me the Priests were
out of the true wisdom which Christ is the
author of, the faith which purifies, gives
victory and brings people to have access
to God."

He showed me also that the Lawyers
were out of the true equity, out of the
true justice, and out of the law of God
which went over the first transgression,
and over all sin, and answered the spirit

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor creases and discoloration, characteristic of old paper. The left edge of the page is bound, showing the inner cover material and the stitching of the binding. There is no text or other markings on the page.

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